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For the National Kra THE GREAT STONE FACE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains. there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human conning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together In such a position, as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height, the nose, with its long bridge, and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen, and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the manifest clustering about it, the Greet Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood, with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over | together. it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

" Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, " I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face. I should love him dearly."

"if an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, " we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned their hopes, still derished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others-who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors-concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"Oh, mother, dear mother," cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him !"

- His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him-"Perhaps you may !"

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognised couragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar

him, and gave him a smile of kindness and enthis was a mistake, although the Face may have world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's portion. About this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from

ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name-but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life-was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which developes itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountair as accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arotic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it General's chair, which was a relic from the home might, it was gold within his grasp, It might be of Washington, there was an arch of verdant

said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that what-ever he touched with his finger immediately glis-tened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still bet-ter, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gather-gold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palice as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage, so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this lieve that this must needs be the fact, when they scheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weatherbeaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gather-gold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall-pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with sil-ver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each

stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it as reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that, whatever was iron or brass in other ouses, was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergoid's bed-chamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes, unless where the gleam of it was

ertain to find its way beneath his eyelids.
In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the uphoisterers, with magnificent furni-ture; then, a whole troop of black and white ser-vants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of Prophecy, af-ter so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, nd that now he was to behold the living likenes of those wondrous features on the mountain side.
While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching

swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival—"Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which made still thinner by pressing them forcibly he

The very image of the Great Stone Face! shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old proph-ecy is true; and here we have the great man, come

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seem ed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the road-side there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropt some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper! Still, nev as with an carnest sh with as much good faith as ever, the people bel-

"He is the very image of the Great Stone But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, smid a gathering mist, gilde by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed them selves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest-the man will come !"

The years went on, an' Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing re markable in his way of life, save that when labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned Face. According to their idea of the matter, it people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment, which was expressed in it, would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books and s better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy-he beheld the marvellous features bear adown the valley, and still wondered that their

human counterpart was so long in making his ap-By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled yellow skin. Since the nelting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking re-semblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to henor him during his lifetime, and quietly con-signed him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of

Prophecy was yet to come. It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, bad now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field, under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clanger of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he re-membered to have left it. The inhabitants, his left their business and gathered along the wayold neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp of Old Bloodand-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintan ees of the General were ready to testify on oath that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid General had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at

for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked. Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the grand festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Reverend Doctor Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished Friend of Peace, in whose honor they were assembled. of Peace, in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the

boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tip-toes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the Lables, anxious to hear the fooster and the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the General in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the buttle-field. To con-sole hims-if, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side "Tis the same f-ce, to a hair!" cried one man.

cutting a caper for joy.
"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded

Like!-why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt." And then, all three of the speakers gave great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among

the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a Man of Peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy.
But, taking a habitus breadth of view, with all his
simplicity, he contended that Providence should
choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable Wisdom see fit to order matters so.
"The General! the General!" was now the cry.

"Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech." Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the General's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him! There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two

glittering epaulets and embroidered collar up-ward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, ap-peared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognise it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern communic; the milder traits would will have tom-

"This is not the Man of Prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?" The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brighten-ing, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, meltng through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he

had never hoped in vain.
"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if

had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, "fear not, Ernest, he will come."

More years eyed swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dweit in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much—he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been while the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermest, or lay despest in his heart or their ows. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unaware, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermest, or lay despest in his heart or their ows. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unaware, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermest, or lay despest in his heart or their ows. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unaware, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and, passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imaging that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had occurred him from boyhood, and shad characterized him from boyhood, and shad charac talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own and life their snowy peaks into the class. always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of i's manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor man : least of all, did Ernest himself suspect it but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little tin to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and Thunder's truculent physiog nomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the new-papers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared likeness of the Great Stone Face man appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument; sometimes it rumbled like the thunder sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war-the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him as a candidate for the Presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the side to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to

behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face. The cavalcade came prancing along the road. with a great cluttering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was com-pletely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback : militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mount ed his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention, that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melo-dies broke out among all the heights and hollows, hitherto so dim that they had never entered it beas if every nook of his native valley had found a fore, and so beautiful, that they desired to be there voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But always.

the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain | As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined

the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the nuslo; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the Man of Prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest—"Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

he had not seen him.
"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-broth-

In the midst of all this gallant array, come a open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the baronche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz

him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimps

of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other fea-tures, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Tithe grand expression of a divine sympathy, tha illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And there-fore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed

it with reality.
Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer—
"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture

No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no "Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and ag in he set

up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries "Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seem-

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benigh lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come." The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeky. Ha was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; mere than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of tone—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visiters with

poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pour-ing out his sweet music amid the bustle and din Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been utter-ed by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, tain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a migthie

we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a moungrandeur reposing on its breast or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast, old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better a pect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last, best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dig nity of the natural world existed only in the po et's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness she having plastered them up out of her refus stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the trues truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to E nest. He read them, after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where, for such a length of time, he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face And now, as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.
"Oh, majestic friend," he murmured, address

ing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which al-ternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?" "Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him. and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbited the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitahis back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavaleade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a

that the Great Stone Face was bending forwar to listen too. He gaze i earnestly into the poet' Who are you, my strangely gifted gnest ? " he

said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then—for I wrote them!"

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you said?" inquired the poet.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life, I
have awaited the filfulment of a prophecy; and,
when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be

"You boped," answered the poet, faintly smil ing, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face! And you are disappointed, as for-merly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz! Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to those of the illustrious Three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified

yonder benign and majestic image!"
"And why?" asked Ernest; he pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine ?"
"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied "You can hear in them the far-off echo the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure Seeker of the Good and True, should'st hope to find me, in yonder image of the

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest. At the bour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an as-semblage of the neighboring inhabitants, in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich frame-work of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reupon his audience. They stood, or sat, or re-clined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Fore, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts, and his thoughts had neality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself, that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinc ly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted— "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the like

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The proph-ecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished ecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by-andby appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT

TO THE READERS OF THE NATIONAL ERA A GENTS wanted, to travel in every county in Ohio, to obtain applications for insurance in the St Lawrence Mutual Insurance Company, Ogdensburg, N. Y. Enterprising, active young men can make good wages from the commission path by the Company. Satisfactory references and bonds will be required. Address, post path—H. F. BRAYTON, General Agent, Jan. 10-3t IN OHIO.

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Oct. 25-tf

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The extremely low rate at which it is published precludes the hope of profit, except from a circulation greater than that which any literary periodical has ever yet attained; but, with the new avenues daily opening for the circulation of works of merit; the constantly increasing population of the country; the cheapness of the Magazine, and the superiority of its literary and artistic attractions to those of any other work now issued; the proprietor fearless y engages in an enterprise which will be sure to benefit the public if it should not enrich himself.

The Magazine will be under the editorial charge and supervision of

Charles F. Briggs. Charles F. Briggs,

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Oct 25-3m.

CALVIN DE WOLF, Attorney and Counsell Buildings, Clark street, Chicago, Illinois attention paid to collections.

Terms of Court, Cook County, Illinois.
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The above works are just published and for sale by Sept. 27.-6m BELA MARSH, 25 Cornhill, Bos

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You and each of you are hereby summoned to answer the complaint of Christopher C. Parker, receiver of the property of George and Walter Williams in the hands of John S. Williams and John W. Pound, and the complaint of Lyman A. Spalding, which is filed in the Clerk's office of Niagara county, and to serve a copy of your answer on me, at the village of Lockport, in the county of Niagara, within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; or, in default the cof, the plaintiff will apply to the Supreme Court, at a term thereof to be held at the court house in the village of Lockport on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1850, for the relief demanded in the complaint.

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Dec. 20-66

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GEORGE W. LIGHT, Nov. 25.

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Jan. 6.—15

NOTICE. CORRESPONDENTS and others desiring to communi-Case with the undersigned will please direct their letter and papers to Fulton, Oswego county, New York, my present post office address.

J. C. HARRINGTON.

Nov. 29.

DE WOLF & FARWELL, A TTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law. Office, Clark street, opposite the Court House, Chicago, Illinois.

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Dec. 20.